

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Parted.

BY ALICE THOMPSON MEYNELL.

Farewell to one now silenced quite,
Sent out of hearing, out of sight,—
My friend of friends whom I shall miss.
He is not banished, though, for this,—
Nor he, nor sadness, nor delight.

Though I shall walk with him no more,
A low voice sounds upon the shore.
He must not watch my resting-place,
But who shall drive a mournful face
From the sad winds about my door?

I shall not hear his voice complain,
But who shall stop the patient rain?
His tears must not disturb my heart,
But who shall change the years and part
The world from every thought of pain?

Although my life is left so dim,
The morning crowns the mountain-brim;
Joy is not gone from summer skies,
Nor innocence from children's eyes—
And all these things are part of him.

He is not banished, for the showers
Yet wake this green, warm earth of ours.
How can the summer but be sweet?
I shall not have him at my feet,
And yet my feet are on the flowers.

An Elegant Latin Poem.

The Rev. A. Joseph Alizeri, C. M., of St. Vincent de Paul's Seminary, Germantown, Pa., has just published a remarkable Latin poem, commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It is written in the old classical Ovidian distichs, *i. e.*, alternate hexameter and pentameter verses. We feel confident that the interesting subject-matter of the poem, the ingenious and attractive manner in which it is presented, the smooth and flowing versification and elegant latinity will commend it to the favorable notice of all who, like ourselves, have been fortunate enough to receive a copy.

The work opens with an invocation in the old classic style, but with the true Christian spirit, in which the reverend author places his work under

the protection of the august Patroness of the Seminary and the holy founder of the Congregation of the Mission. Then follows the Vision. The poet represents himself as pouring forth his soul in prayer in an obscure corner of the college chapel, when suddenly before his astonished gaze the Queen of heaven and the great St. Vincent de Paul appear. Around the latter are grouped those of his children who, whether as priests of the Congregation of the Mission or Sisters of Charity, have most distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of religion in the United States. The list is a long one, and though all mention of the living is carefully avoided, it contains many names justly dear to and deeply venerated by thousands of American Catholics. It includes five Bishops, and in the ranks of the inferior clergy we observe the names of many valiant champions of the sacred cause; and the glowing tribute which the poet pays to their devoted labors and sterling worth, we are only too happy to endorse.

As we glanced over the list, however, we shuddered at the thought of the difficulties which the reverend author must have experienced in compressing some of the recalcitrant names into Latin verse. Boileau, if we remember well, in one of his odes, very humorously describes the anguish which he suffers at being compelled to introduce into French lyric poetry the uncouth and unpronounceable names of the Dutch towns which Louis the Great had lately taken. We cannot say what the feelings of Virgil would have been, had he been obliged to wrestle with such euphonious cognomens as Burke, McGerry, Escoffer, Koop, Voght, Deuterline, Brandts, and Monoghan; but to the credit of Father Alizeri, be it said that if he has not succeeded in extracting much poetic harmony from them, at least he has not allowed them to shipwreck his versification.

The portions of the poem which we find deserving of special commendation are the touching allusion to the devotedness of the noble priest who now lies dying of leprosy contracted through his heroic labors in the service of those afflicted with the same loathsome malady, and the prediction which the Blessed Virgin makes of the stability and future greatness of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels—a prediction which, let us add, we sincerely hope to see realized. The former passage we produce. It is headed "Thronus Vacans." After speaking of the many followers of St. Vincent de Paul now gone to their reward, the poet says:

"Unumquemque throno gemmis, auroque corusco
 Vidisses, totidem sidera conspicua,
 Unica sed sedes afflicthystis pulchra vacabat,
 Angelus at voluit solvere mysterium.
 'Confratri hæc sedes servatur nobilis, inquit,
 Quem dente exoso putrida lepra vorat.
 Infirmum Christum noctuque diuque levavit,
 Regnat ubi diris mors variata modis;
 Egrorum hospitio febris quam flava frequentat
 Exegit vitæ tempora multa suæ.
 Sed citò, præfractus lepra, nimioque labore
 Accipiet zelo præmia digna suo.
 Aptabit capiti Vincentius ipse coronam,
 Victoris palmas Iminaculata dabit.'"

The eulogies of the virtues which the precepts and examples of St. Vincent de Paul and his worthy followers are so well calculated to inculcate, viz., humility, purity, liberality, self-abnegation, temperance, watchfulness, mercy, and love of the poor; are replete with beautiful sentiments clothed in eloquent and elegant language. Space will not permit us to quote as freely as we would wish, but the following lines taken from the section headed "Prædicatio," will, we know, not be devoid of special interest:

"Clamosum et trágico quatientem púlpita gestu
 Plebs indocta probat—non probat ipse Deus."

The poem, on the whole, is creditable to the head and heart of its reverend author, and to the scholarship of the institution from which it emanates. In conclusion we have only to add our cordial endorsement of the following beautiful verses relating to Niagara's future:

"Esto Perpetua Alma, mihi gratissima, Sedes
 Istæ quam valide constituere manus,
 Qua pietas floret, qua, me custode, fidei
 Adduntur Clero plurima membra meo,
 Regnat ubi æternæ divina scientia mentis
 Qua manet in terris inviolata fides.
 Esto velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor
 Quam nec tantillum sæva procella movet:
 Sis rupes, quam tot Vicina Niagara sæclis
 Incassum fluctu verberat horrifico."

"The Papacy and the European Powers."

Under this title the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* publishes an admirable article from the pen of Mr. John McCarthy, in which the state of affairs culminating in the occupation of Rome, the issue of the Franco-Prussian war, and the distinctly anti-Catholic and anti-papal policy of the German Empire, when things looked so bad for the Pope and the Papacy, is contrasted with later happenings, when, the pride of the haughty rulers being humbled, they sue at the Vatican for aid against the encroachments of the Socialism and Nihilism begotten of their own tyrannical and godless laws. Not that the Church is by any means opposed to communism in the legitimate sense of the word—the healthy and ennobling communism that through charity levels social distinction, whether of position or race; but the low, degrading communism that would reduce man to the level of the brute, being essentially evil, is abhorrent, and must always be discountenanced by the Church of Christ. The heretical and schismatical rulers of Europe well know this, and feel

that the Catholic Church is the only conservative force in the world; therefore it is that the schismatic Czar permits the exiled bishops and priests to return from Siberia; therefore it is that the heretical Bismarck, who a little while ago loudly proclaimed that he would not go to Canossa, has literally gone there; therefore it is that Protestant England seeks to establish ministerial relations with the prisoner of the Vatican, and to obtain his intervention in Ireland.

"The rulers of Germany woke up to find themselves confronted by a people, the great mass of whom were infidels. The rulers had helped to make them so in order to destroy, if possible, the one true conservative, social, and religious force that the Empire could count on,—the Catholic Church. Those who read history will always find that sooner or later the Lord makes His enemies His footstool. The noise of the conflict of the German giant with the Catholic Church had gone through all lands, and men looked with eager eyes to see the issue. What had been read of all the heresies and all the persecutions was being here enacted under the eyes of an age drifting to unbelief. The proud cry, the foolish and unnecessary cry, 'We will not go to Canossa!' was caught up and applauded through the world, at a time when the world was especially resentful against the Papacy that had dared tell it it was going wrong. Step by step, it watched the issue of the conflict between this German giant and the old man-pent up in the Vatican, who, like Tennyson's infant, 'crying in the night, had no language but a cry.' And the world saw that things fell out just as the old man had predicted. Prince Bismarck himself, and the Emperor, though sore reluctant, saw the same thing: that of all the elements of German society, the Roman Catholic, and those most nearly approaching to it in belief and practice, was the only conservative force in the best sense. Thus, as of old, 'the stone that the builders rejected was made the head of the corner.'

Leo XIII succeeded to all the onus of Pius IX. But the world at large was less hostile than it had been. The lesson of the Prussian persecution, of the visible social disorder in Europe, of the Paris Commune, of the attempts on the lives of sovereigns, was before it. It was seen in a broad way that there were grave dangers ahead to rulers and peoples,—to morals, to law, and to property,—and that unless Heaven sent some safeguard, bullets and bayonets would not suffice. Curing was wanted, not killing; and the great healing force of the Catholic Church came largely into view. Its power had been exemplified in Germany. Its men had fought like honorable men for their rights through and by means of the very laws that had proscribed them; while the Socialists, who recognized no higher law than their own will, flew to the dagger and the pistol for redress. The one force was constructive and conservative: the other, destructive and hellish. Berlin, and several of the chief cities of Prussia, are in a state of semi-siege to-day, not by reason of the Catholics [the most persecuted] but because of the Socialists.

To Pius IX, the prisoner of Victor Emanuel, the all-powerful German Chancellor turned to help him govern the German people. Pius IX died before the negotiations came to any head, and another old man, dressed in white, succeeded him. The negotiations were resumed with new eagerness. The German Chancellor, the embodiment of the strongest material power in the world, said to the prisoner of King Humbert: 'Only tell your Catholics to vote my measures and I will undo all that I have done against them and against the Papacy.' The Pope did nothing of the sort. He confined himself *strictly* to his office of teacher and guide and guardian, not of German Catholics alone, but of the universal Church. He let German Catholics, saving religion and morals, go their own way, home about home questions and policy. Then came the English Government, a more persistent and subtle and ancient foe than the new German Empire to the old man of the Vatican, to say to him; 'Your Irish are turbulent;

we can do nothing with them. Help us. Tell them to be quiet, and perhaps we will send you a representative."

The article in the *American Catholic Quarterly* from which these brief extracts have been taken, not because they are better than other parts of the article, but because they could be easily detached, occupies twenty pages of the *Review*. We wish our space permitted us to give the article entire. As it is, we refer our readers to the *Review* itself, feeling confident that it will be perused with no ordinary degree of satisfaction.

Only a Crayon Sketch.

One evening, in the year 1520, a young girl, completely enveloped in a long, black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance. She paused at the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters flowing beneath; then, closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio, my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet. Just as she was about to jump a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: "Girl, take not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy, enter yonder church, kneel at its hallowed altar, pour out your sorrow, and thank God that you have been preserved from rushing uncalled into His awful presence."

The girl tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, exclaiming, "Let me go! I must die in peace!" In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely, and her preserver gazed on her with wonder. Coming to herself by degrees, she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words. Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich inn-keeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. This evening, Giannettini forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter violently; and she, with far more recklessness, fled wildly from her home, and, as we have seen, was about to commit suicide.

The person who had saved the young girl led her gently back to her home, and having given her up to her father seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Giannettini received his child with rude reproaches, and, bidding her retire to her own apartment and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her back, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the inn-keeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart the gondolier appeared at the door. Giannettini rushed forward, shouting: "Out of this! out of my house, you

beggar!" The young man did not stir. "Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone; "why these hard words, Signor Giannettini? Don't you know that since I was ten years old and Maria five, we have loved each other? Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessing; or must we water your path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars around me," said Giannettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man, "what hinders that I should become so too?"

"A fool's dream!"

"No," replied Antonio, "it is sober sense; Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza a cow-herd."

At this point the man in the corner, who had been listening attentively to this dialogue, rose, and, touching the young man's shoulder, said: "Well spoken, my brave fellow! courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" said Giannettini, in a rage.

"Hold!" said the stranger, turning toward him; "if this youth could lay down 600 pistoles, would you object to the marriage then?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember, sir, that he is no better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the stranger, indignantly; "habblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow he will be in possession of that sum, and not a beggar."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, leaning on a table near by, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, as if about to clutch a shower of gold pieces. It had an expression of avarice truly wonderful. One of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand!" cried Giannettini, in a rage.

"And your history, too," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, the stranger desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600 pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the inn-keeper; "I would not give a zecchin for it." Without speaking a word, the artist turned away and resumed his seat.

The gondolier, as he was bidden, took the parchment and set out for St. Mark's.

With folded arms and a moody brow, the artist now began pacing up and down the room, casting a glance now and then on the young girl, who, realizing the enormity of her intended crime, was sobbing in a corner. As for Giannettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual affrontery failed him, and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break the silence.

An hour thus passed, when suddenly hasty steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing a well-filled purse and a letter. The purse contained 600 pistoles; the letter was addressed to the artist.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the

stranger, throwing the bag towards Giannettini.

Antonio stood before his benefactor, trembling with joy. "One more favor," he said, as the coins brought down the scales, "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?" said the artist.

"Much to me!" cried the grateful gondolier. "Tell me your name, Signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"They call me Michael Angelo!" was the gentle answer.

The sketch of the miser's hand was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

F. F. H.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—Robert Browning is seventy years old.

—The author of that pleasant little book, "Rob and his Friends," died in Edinburgh last month.

—The sum of £10,000 has been raised to establish an art gallery and museum at Aberdeen, Scotland.

The *Antiquarian Magazine* is publishing some papers by a canon of Westminster on the origin of the English national anthem, which is traced back to its original source in a Latin anthem of the time of the Stewarts.

—Judge Hagner carried to the Capitol last week the old family Bible which belonged to Augustine Washington, father of General George Washington, which was sent to him to exhibit to Congress. It contains the family record of births, baptisms and deaths. It is an old-looking work, full of pictures, one of which represents St. Simon wearing eye-glasses.—*Mirror*.

—Mr. Thomas Hardy, the popular English novelist, has been accused of gross plagiarism, and the proof is so plain as not to admit of denial or explaining away. A critic points out that in one of his recent stories he appropriates almost bodily a description that appeared in a book of "Georgia Scenes," published years ago; and he is said also to have "absorbed" an old magazine article without a credit.

—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bigandet, Bishop, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Burmah, has been appointed by the Governor of India a Fellow of the Calcutta University. We find the venerable prelate's name in the catalogue of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, as the author of the "Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese," Rangoon, 1866. Indeed, we believe it to be the fact that no one now living is better acquainted with the peoples of Indo-China, their languages, religion and habits, than the aged missionary whose name has just been placed on the roll of the Fellows of the Calcutta University.—*Bombay Examiner*.

—The King of Portugal, is a man of decided literary tastes. If celestial and honorable

earthly patronage be of any benefit he should also be of a religious as well as a heroic turn of mind, for in baptism he was named after the Blessed Virgin, three archangels, four Iberian saints, and divers Bourbon, Braganza, Austrian and Saxon ancestors. His parents were Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Kohary and Donna Maria da Gloria. Early in life, Dom Luis received a regular and thorough training in the navy, and he now tells his sons who are inclined to ease—as a writer in *The Home Journal* informs us—that were the worst to come to the worst he could take charge of an Atlantic steamer or a sailing vessel, of no matter what tonnage. The same writer says that when at sea in his youth, although a quarter-deck lad, Dom Luis was really inured to hardship, and knows a good deal about the fore-castle. The king is short, thick-set and bronzed, with a very white forehead; has excellent teeth, blue eyes, and altogether a bluff, sailorly air. At Compiègne he once witnessed some droll plays gotten up under the management of the Duc de Massa, and betrayed his erudition and taste for classic literature in a conversation with M. de Sacy. The taste of the Portuguese prince had been formed in the study of the English and Spanish dramatists of the 16th century. Shakspeare, whose works Dom Luis has, since he ascended the throne, translated for the Doña Maria Theater, was his literary idol. The proceeds of his labors in literature have been devoted entirely to charitable purposes. "Dom Luis," continues the *Home Journal*, "writes elegantly. In his speech there is maritime directness. His majesty has a terse manner of stating a case or raising an objection. When Prim asked him to reign over Iberia, he said to the Spanish envoy: 'I can't afford to pay double or treble premiums on insurance policies on my life.' It was then proposed to give the vacant throne to Dom Fernando, his brother, with a reversion to his eldest son. The king replied: 'The Stuarts lost Scotland by going to London. If a Braganza were shot or poisoned at Madrid, there would not be a grave in Portugal to receive his corpse.'"

Books and Periodicals.

CLONTARF, AN HISTORICAL PLAY IN THREE ACTS; AND THE OFFICE SEEKERS, A FARCE IN ONE ACT. By Arthur J. O'Hara, A. M., New York: Stephen Mearns, Publisher.

It seems a hackneyed way of introducing a new publication to say that it meets a real want heretofore inadequately supplied. Yet it is in reality high praise; and, meaning it as such, we can conscientiously apply it to Mr. O'Hara's two short plays. In nearly all our educational institutions, and especially in boarding schools, dramatic societies are organized among the students, and amateur performances form a necessary and innocent, as well as extremely interesting relaxation from the serious labors of the year. Those who have ever been members of such societies know what a difficult matter it is generally found to secure "plays

for male characters only" which are not devoid of all dramatic interest. It is the aim of "Clontarf" and the "Office Seekers" to meet this difficulty, and we must congratulate Mr. O'Hara on the success of his efforts.

—*The Century Magazine* for June opens with a readable illustrated sketch, "Around Cape Horn," by "Bill Bobstay,"—said Bill being, we surmise, Mr. George Walden. Constance Fenimore Woolson's charming character-sketch, "The Street of the Hyacinth," ends with the second part in this number; there are no illustrations, but the story is attractive enough without them. The fourth and last paper of Mr. Richard Grant White's "Opera in New York" closes with Madame Etelka Gerster, the last prima donna and the last musical artist of distinction that has appeared in opera in America. The serials "Through One Administration," and "A Modern Instance," are continued with even stronger interest than in the previous chapters; the autograph notes of "Carlyle in Ireland," ditto, without any interest whatever, unless it be to show what a miserable dyspeptic was Carlyle,—scarcely a ray of sunshine appearing in these fragmentary records. "The Bee Pastures of California" is a well-written article, and splendidly illustrated by Roger Riordan and Harry Fenn. "Wood-Engraving and the *Century* Prizes," with illustrations of some of the prize blocks, will undoubtedly command much attention from those who look with pleasure to the recent advances in this branch of art, to which *The Century Magazine* has contributed very much. A third offer of prizes for wood-engraving, by the publishers of *The Century*, is given in this number—the engravers of the 1st, 2d and 3d best blocks getting respectively \$100, \$75, and \$50; for the two best blocks by former competitors, \$50 each. The best-written and most attractive article in the June *Century* is a sketch of "John Henry, Cardinal Newman," from the pen of C. Kegan Paul, the London publisher. The frontispiece of the number is an excellent portrait of the great English scholar and eminent churchman—Oxford's idol—engraved by Cole from Rajon's etching after the portrait by Oules, R. A., published by the Etcher's Society, Arundell. Oules's portrait is one of great merit, and second only to that of Millais. A number of minor articles, poems, etc., together with the favorite "Topics of the Time," "The World's Work," etc., help to fill out this very interesting number of *The Century Magazine*.

Scientific Notes.

—Padre Antonio Stoppani has the reputation of being the most eminent geologist in Italy.

—Prof. Edward Tuckerman, of Amherst College, has issued an interesting book of 300 pp. on the North American Lichens. A limited edition has been printed, and the work is not stereotyped. Price, \$3.50.

—The destruction by fire of the Hygienic Exhibition at Berlin is greatly deplored. The collection of medical and hygienic works and designs from all parts of the world was large and very precious.

—It is rumored that a citizen of Newark, N. J., had made a discovery which will effect a complete revolution in the manner of producing and diffusing the electric light, and which especially will render the use of wires unnecessary.

—Father Ferrari, disciple and successor of the celebrated Father Secchi, and director of the Observatory of Rome, is at present at Lyons, France, where he is occupied in establishing an Observatory to be placed under the direction of professors of the Catholic University in that city. —*The "Ave Maria."*

—The intrepid African traveller, Captain Cecchi, has had the honor of being received in private audience by the Pope. He was presented by Monsignor Massaia, who was for many years a missionary Bishop in Africa. Captain Cecchi was charged to deliver the dying words of two missionaries whom he had tended on their death-beds, and buried.

—A writer in the *Indian Tea Gazette* stated that tasting tea upon an empty stomach is injurious, producing a sense of weakness, as if one had fasted a long while, and tea experts, who are at it all day, are made exceedingly nervous. "Some assert," says the *London Grocer*, "that there is nourishment in tea; others say there is none, and that tea consumes food; while the former authority informs us that tea, like liquors and drugs, when taken moderately, will have one effect, but if consumed largely will produce an effect just the contrary."

—Prof. Shaler, of Harvard, attributes the rigid (?) climate of the northern portion of America to the rising of the land at Behring's Straits, which intercepts the warm ocean currents from Japan, turning it towards Oregon and California. This rising is thought to have ceased, and it will probably be followed by a subsidence. The Professor proposes to clear away three small Islands in the narrowest part of the straits, and some obstructing reefs along the shore, so that the Japanese Gulf stream might carry its warming influence further northward.—*The Athenæum*.

—A letter from Rome announces that a priest of Ravenna, Rev. Father Ravaglia, has constructed an electrical apparatus, which can be set in operation by simply pressing a button, and by which the doors of a large building can be instantaneously opened. The apparatus has been tried at the Alighieri Theatre, in Ravenna, with the most satisfactory result. All the nine doors opened simultaneously, as if through some spiritual agency. The inventor hopes to improve his apparatus, so that should a fire break out on the stage of a theatre the rise in temperature would itself set the machinery in motion.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, June 3, 1882.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Pleas are often made for the endowment of Catholic colleges and higher schools; but for the most part they are altogether unheeded. It has never been a popular idea with Catholics in the United States to contribute to the support of their educational institutions; they leave them to take care of themselves as best they may. Now, that we begin to have churches enough in many parts of the country, it is to be hoped that something will be done for schools; and the conviction forces itself upon us as we write that the need of the former would be even less easily supplied had a tithe of the energies expended in erecting magnificent churches been devoted to schools.

Certainly, Catholic colleges cannot be accused of lack of gratitude towards benefactors, great or small. We notice that an annual Mass has lately been founded at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels for all patrons and helpers of that institution, whether living or dead. A daily Mass *in perpetuum* was also founded at Notre Dame, some years ago, in which all its benefactors, past and present, are sharers.

It was a saying of our forefathers that it is a poor will in which God is not mentioned; we trust the day will come when it will likewise be thought becoming to include some seat of learning; in fact, it was thought so in old times.

—Reference is made in our exchange department this week to the beautifying of the interior of college buildings. Where hundreds of young men are confined in study-halls and recitation-rooms for months at a time, too much attention cannot be given to the interior aspect of these apartments. It is eminently proper that they should be as cheerful and inspiring as possible. In this respect, too much praise cannot be bestowed on our college administrators, for, notwithstanding the immense pressure placed upon them by the great fire, a couple of years ago, which laid the main building, Music Hall, Minims' Hall, Library and Museum in ashes, the interior of the new buildings bids fair to outstrip anything of their kind in this country. Prof. Gregori's frescoes in the corridors are beautiful, and Prof. Ackerman, having covered the walls of the Seniors' dining-room with mural paintings, is now at work in the Junior dining-room. The latter, however, has to discontinue his work there for awhile in order to paint new scenery for the Exhibition Hall, which is rapidly receiving its finishing touches. The Columbians' room, upon which Mr. Smith's brush has been at work for some time, presents a handsome appearance. Of the Cecilians' room, it is unnecessary to speak. It was finished long ago and is considered one of the handsomest rooms in the institution.

—It has always been noticed that towards the end of the year there is a tendency to relax in the observance of college discipline. Those who are without hope of honors for meritorious conduct consider that they have nothing to gain by keeping rules, while those who are confident of being decorated with laurels when the time comes round, are apt to become presumptuous. It is on record that unruly students have been expelled here on the very eve of Commencement. It should be remembered that the discipline of the college is in force till the moment of dispersion and that the code of gentlemanliness is in force always. There is slight probability that any harsh measures will be called into requisition this year (those with whom the climate of Notre Dame doesn't agree generally take their departure to climes more congenial without delay), but it is good to have the knowledge of past experience. Those who feel so sure of a First or Second Honor as to think they can presume a little, had better keep in mind the old proverb, *Finis coronat opus*. The last day of the year is sometimes a day of bitter disappointments.

There is always a certain number of students who do not know whether to hope for honors or not; they are conscious that their conduct might have been better, and they reflect that prefects and others have unfailing memories for past transgressions. We speak advisedly when we state that it is always in one's power to redeem past carelessness by present endeavor. The decision of many of the honors to be awarded at Commencement may depend on the present month. Of course, good intentions cannot be rewarded; but regard is always had for serious effort, although it may

not be attended with constant success. The Faculty have no need to be reminded that in some cases a student who "gets notes" occasionally and fails to find his name in the Roll of Honor now and then, may be more deserving of praise than those whose disposition is such that it requires little or no effort for them to keep in the path of duty. We feel sure that the Faculty desire that everyone really deserving of a First or Second Honor shall bear it away.

—Of the editor of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, what shall we say? If there be one paper devoted to college literature that pursues the even tenor of its way, heedless alike of the smiles or frowns of its contemporaries, it surely must be the *Scholastic*. Published under a government differing in many particulars from our own, and the organ of a Church college opposed to us in many points, it cannot but give us great pleasure to find such patriotism and loyalty to principles, with such complete absence of bigotry as mark each issue of the *Scholastic*. But we hear its editors talk of dropping their *exchange notes* on account of the press of other work. Judging by ourselves, this is a department of the *Scholastic* that would be much missed by its many friends, and we would advise that it be, if possible, maintained, even at the cost of a little extra labor. It is true, as the *Scholastic* says, "That the Catholic Church did much for art and science in the first centuries, and particularly in the Middle Ages." This, we think, has never been questioned, but the *Scholastic* goes on to say: "Art and Science are not, of course, now exclusively confined to the cloister cell; but they receive there to-day the same fostering care as in other ages." An example is then given of the celebrated Father Peter Singer, inventor of the "pansymphonicon." Such facts as these are seldom inquired into by other branches of the Christian Church, and if noticed are, we fear, too often ignored because of the sectarian spirit so common among us. Would it not be well to inform ourselves better as to what the Roman Catholic Church has done and is still doing for civilization, taking notice of papers evincing so high a degree of culture as the *Scholastic*, before we condemn the whole Church as the supporters of ignorance and superstition? May the future of our friend be even brighter than the past, and its visits to us always afford as much satisfaction as at present!—*The Portfolio*, *Wesleyan College*, *Hamilton, Ont.*

We have no apology to make for reproducing the above kind words, or for giving them this prominence. They are the most gratifying sentences ever spoken or written of the SCHOLASTIC that we know of, and will be one of the pleasantest recollections of our connection with it. The remarks of our contemporary are particularly pleasing to us, not because they are complimentary, but for a reason that will be plain to the one that made them and to perhaps most of our readers. They give evidence that the SCHOLASTIC has produced one of the effects most desired by us, and one which we earnestly hope it will continue to produce in a greater degree after our connection with it is severed. Whilst Catholic writers, scientists, etc., are almost ignored by English readers, why should not papers like the SCHOLASTIC try to draw attention to them? Prejudice against the Catholic Church is deep and widespread, why should not the SCHOLASTIC try to dispel it as far as it is in its power? This is precisely what we have been trying to do, and, we are glad to be assured, have done successfully. It was remarked in one of our Art, Music and Literature notes, only a week or two ago, that Catholic publications are sealed books for the most part to English readers. No won-

der that many have come to think that there are no eminent writers among Catholics, and that, as a body, they must necessarily be opposed to science and enlightenment. The prejudice that exists against the Church among our countrymen is the offspring of ignorance; she has only to be known, as she really is, to be respected, if not loved.

Whatever may be thought or said to the contrary, the SCHOLASTIC does not present to its readers every complimentary notice that it is the recipient of. If we reproduce now and again the kind remarks of our contemporaries of the college press, it is because there is no other way of showing appreciation of them, and because such is the custom of the best-conducted journals. We do not know the editors of *The Portfolio*, whose notice we have given above, and probably never shall, nor is it likely that we shall ever be known to them. We have a letter on our table from a public man in whose way the SCHOLASTIC has fallen of late, and who expresses himself greatly pleased with it; we shall thank him for his commendation in the usual way. It has not occurred to us to lay his letter, or any part of it, before our readers.

Let us add that the utterances of the editors of *The Portfolio* are as creditable to them as they are complimentary to us.

Exchanges.

—"Out of School," by H. L. Emerson, in the *Milton College Journal*, is a readable little essay—not of the cut-and-dried order. The editorial matter and Exchange Notes of the *Journal* are also creditably written, and the "Notes and Clippings" evince taste and good judgment.

—The *St. Mary's College Journal*, published at St. Mary's College, Kentucky, has with its fifth number nearly doubled its former size, showing clearly that it has prospered and has come to stay. We are glad of it. There is no reason why the Blue-Grass region should not support a college paper, and St. Mary's College, we think, is just the place to publish one.

—Among our college exchanges *The Harvard Herald* and *The Cornell Sun* are dailies, and most welcome visitors. Of the *Herald* we have spoken lately; the more we see of the *Sun*, the better we like it. An editorial in a late issue calls attention to the interior of college buildings and especially to the lecture-halls and recitation-rooms. A beautiful exterior for college buildings is little in comparison to the interior, which should be as bright and beautiful as possible.

—*Bengough's Cosmopolitan Shorthand Writer* for May comes to hand with a goodly table of contents on stenographic matters, news, etc. There are also 7 pages of fac-simile stenographic reading from Thomas Allen Reed, the renowned English reporter, and 1 page from the Canadian Hansard reports. Mr. Reed's auto-stenography will be a treat to writers of the Isaac Pitman system, which that gentleman writes in its purity. No key is furnished, and although the writing is

in a brief and unvocalized reporting style, it can be readily deciphered by the average stenographer. At least we have found no difficulty in reading it; phraseography and all, and we believe many of the stenographic pupils at Notre Dame could readily transcribe it. The subject of Mr. Reed's paper is "Figure Abbreviations" in reporting statistical speeches, and many useful hints are given upon this troublesome matter. The *Cosmopolitan* is issued monthly, at \$1 a year. Address 11 King St., West, Toronto, Canada.

—*The Lariat*, of Wabash College, this State, has had its editorial pens occupied of late chiefly with the disgraceful proceedings at the college in relation to the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Indianapolis. Regular delegates having been appointed at Wabash, some of the fraternity rings at the college were not satisfied, so they had a second set of delegates sent to Indianapolis. As both deputations were endorsed as regular appointees by the President of the Wabash College Association, when the delegates reached Indianapolis there was trouble in the camp. Some of the Notre Dame men wished, at the eleventh hour, to enter the contest, and for that purpose telegraphed to Indianapolis, but they would not be admitted because they had not joined the State Association. We are glad they were ruled out, for the meeting at Indianapolis is said to have been a poor affair, and not at all creditable to the State Associations engaged in it. Among other things, a lack of hospitality is urged against them. Many of the Western college papers seem dissatisfied also with the judgment passed upon the orations—so that, all around, little satisfaction has been shown as to the success of the meeting. A similar result was experienced last year with the meeting in Illinois, the delegates from other States loudly condemning the conduct of the reception committee from Wesleyan University. So that, as things have gone, we are glad that Notre Dame was not represented at the oratorical contest, although we feel confident our representatives would show the ring of the true metal and do credit to themselves and their *Alma Mater*. The *Monmouth College Courier* (Illinois) thinks Hanchett, of Illinois, was "the orator of the evening." The *Vidette-Reporter* (Iowa), on the other hand, says "the editor of the *Courier* must be one of those 'who, having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not,' or else his memory is very poor. The dissatisfaction with the award of first prize was loud and universal. Before the announcement of the decision, Mr. Hanchett was not looked upon as having the shadow of a chance for first prize, and a murmur of surprise ran round the house when the President announced the result. Probably two-thirds of the audience, at least, would have given the first prize to Mr. Jefferson, of Ohio, who was, in every way, superior to Mr. Hanchett." *The Badger* (Madison, Wis.) says the audience seemed almost universally to concede that Goodwin, of Indiana, had the finest oration. To which *The Vidette-Reporter* demurs, and asserts that "the Indiana man's production was one of the poorest we have ever heard delivered at an Inter-State contest."

The *Oberlin Review* says Mr. Goodwin (Indiana) "held the audience better than any of those who spoke before him [he was the last to speak, we believe,] and although his theme, 'Woman's Suffrage,' was trite, succeeded in making it interesting." This was a strange subject, truly, for a college student to write and speak upon. When such low flights are taken by college men it speaks poorly for higher education. When the *Oberlin Review* says there is "no civility shown a college man in the Hoosier State," we do not regret that our speakers were disappointed. Further, we hope they will keep out of intercollegiate contests until a more honorable and fraternal feeling governs them. *The Lariat* blames "college politics" for the double set of delegates from Wabash. We are thankful "college politics" are not known at Notre Dame. *The Lariat* says, editorially:

"College politics is a recent outgrowth. There is not a college, worthy of the name, in our 'oratorical' limits but has its petty factions and detestable cliques. Detestable for this reason—that at the bottom of all this wire-pulling and insidious cunning there is nothing but a few paltry offices. It surely looks ridiculous to those who have no interest in what is going on. At the expense of time, trouble, and often mutual hard feeling, there is obtained what—the mere shadow of nothing, as it were. The action of the delegates to the late State Oratorical Contest reminds us of Horace's story about the mountain's travail—the result, a mouse. But this is not all. Intrigue and chicanery are too often the means used to obtain this dearly bought end. Some consider it not a disgrace even to lie or to do anything however low, if, in this way, they further the interests of their party. This is true of both sides. It is said that character formed at college follows a man through life. And if there he learns to connive at foul means in reaching his ends, the State is not to be envied in receiving him as a citizen. It is a fact too prominent not to be seen that fraternities are at the base of all these evil consequences. If it is the sole object of fraternities to control elections and win college honors, it were better that the institution were numbered with the things of the past. Fraternities do have a worthy mission to fulfil and can do much toward benefitting their members, and should not be decoyed from this end by empty and unsubstantial diversions. For the honor of the State, for the honor of every college in its limits, for the honor of each individual, let there be an end to this despicable wrangling. These combinations carried on as they have been of late, breed animosities that are cherished all through college and that often will never die out. There is reason in all things. Now that the storm has blown over, let all differences and prejudices be laid aside and the next oratorical congress be an honor rather than a dishonor to the State."

Personal.

—John S. McGinnis (Commercial), of '73, is teller in a bank at Tombstone, Arizona, we hear.

—Mr. P. L. Garrity, of '59, was at the College this week, visiting his sons in the Minim department.

—D. J. Hogan, A. B., '73, is practising law in Chicago, and doing well. He intends to be at Notre Dame on Commencement day.

—D. Harrington, of '81, will graduate this year at the Boston Law University. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends here, and says he will be with us at Commencement.

—John G. Baker, one of the most exemplary

students of '78, and '79, will be married to Miss Amelia Begue, on the 6th, at the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind. All happiness to the worthy couple!

—Jules Cassard (Commercial), of '78, is in business with his father in New Orleans. We hear that he intends to visit Notre Dame in September, and will enter one of his brothers. Cassard is well remembered here. We shall be pleased to see him again.

—We regret exceedingly to announce the death of Mr. Benjamin Heffernan, of Louisville, Ky., who was a student here in 1865. His brother, one of the Junior students, has gone home to attend the funeral. Up to the time of going to press no particulars of the death have reached us.

Requiescat in pace!

—Among the visitors to the College this week was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, whom it is always a pleasure to see at Notre Dame. He was tendered a reception by the students, for which he returned thanks in an able and stirring speech. The good Bishop is in excellent health, as his arduous labors attest.

Local Items.

—Carry me out.

—The first forms of the Catalogue are printing.

—There was matter enough this week for nearly two SCHOLASTICS.

—"Say, do you pull that rope when you want a glass of water?"

—Some of those bulletins on the Chicago excursionists were rich.

—Many things are crowded out this week, and many more "boiled down."

—It is rumored that Rev. Father Zahm is contemplating a trip to Jerusalem.

—The Seniors talk of having their second annual picnic on the 15th inst., in Johnson's grove.

—The Sorin Cadets are making rapid progress in military tactics under their efficient drill-master.

—Prof. Tong has been elected Secretary of the St. Joseph's County Savings Bank, South Bend.

—At his particular request we omit a report *in extenso* of Prof. Lyons's speech last Friday morning.

—There is another short editorial this week on college honors, etc., which it may be worth while to take a look at.

—The sermon at High Mass on Pentecost was preached by Rev. President Walsh, and an able discourse it was.

—We have to thank Rev. Father Fallize for a complimentary ticket to a grand concert at the new St. Joseph's Church, Lowell.

—Master J. Grever has our best thanks for recent kind favors. We are also under obligations to Masters Kahman and Gerlach.

—The new baseball suits are grand. Our friend John remarks that "it wouldn't hurt any if the pantaloons fitted a little more than they do."

—He wanted to know what the three brass balls meant, and before leaving Chicago necessity supplied the information. So they say, at least.

—The costumes for the Greek play, on which Prof. Gregori and the Rev. Professor of Greek have been so hard at work for some weeks past, are gorgeous.

—The report that G. Edmund, during his stay in New York, was the guest of O'Donovan Rossa, is without foundation. He is not in sympathy with that wing of the party, he says.

—The members of the Sorin Association had an ice-cream festival on the 26th ult. Those who were present say it was a splendid affair. The treat was provided by Prof. Edwards, the devoted President of the Association.

—A good game of baseball was played on the 27th ult. between a Lowell nine, led by P. Joyce (Com. of '81), and the first Junior nine, headed by T. Hurley. After two hours' hard playing, victory was declared in favor of the Juniors. Score, 12 to 11.

—The new uniforms seem to have given a fresh impetus to baseball. They are very tasty, and the players present a fine appearance in them. The members of the Association are grateful to Bros. Paul and Emmanuel for their exertions in the matter.

—The May devotions were concluded Wednesday evening with Benediction. There was also a short discourse, appropriate to the occasion, by Rev. Father Franciscus. We hope before May comes round again that some new hymns will be added to the *repertoire*.

—Very Rev. Father General visited the Minims last Monday. After delighting his little friends by an interesting account of his visit to the Eternal City, he gave them the Apostolic Benediction which Pope Leo XIII had commissioned him to impart.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC comes to our table in an elegant new spring dress. The SCHOLASTIC is one of the foremost journals of education for our Catholic youth, and it cannot be recommended too highly. It is carefully and ably edited.—*Our Guardian Angel*.

—Some interesting discoveries were made during the demolition of Washington Hall. The report that large sums of money were brought to light from under the corner occupied by the pie-store is, however, unfounded. Change is handled a little too carefully in that region to permit any such results.

—Last Tuesday being Memorial Day, the graves of the dead heroes who rest in the cemeteries hereabouts were decorated with floral wreaths as in former years. South Bend was thronged with people, and there was a general suspension of business. In the morning, a delegation visited the cemetery at Notre Dame, where a number of departed braves await the last trump. Prof. Howard, who was a soldier during the late war, led the procession. B. Francis Xavier, the amiable guardian of God's acre, was in attendance, and ex-

pressed himself much pleased that his silent braves had not been forgotten.

—The 32d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held May 21st, in Washington Hall. Readings were given by A. Coghlin and E. Fishel. Masters Kelly and Schaefer read criticisms on the previous meetings. The first act of the drama "Outlaw" was then rehearsed. Those taking part were: A. Coghlin, J. Heffernan, W. Johnston, J. Guthrie, E. Fishel, D. Taylor, C. Echlin, C. Rose, and C. Porter. The following members were named as public readers for the ensuing week: N. H. Ewing, C. Murdock, W. McCarthy, A. Browne, H. Sells, D. Taylor, H. Porter, E. Fishel, P. Archer, G. Rhodius, W. Mahon, W. Coghlin and T. Hurley.

—The venerable Very Rev. Father Sorin, who left here five weeks ago yesterday for France and other portions of the Old World, returned this morning. This makes the *fortieth* time he has crossed the ocean, and the chances are he will make several more trips to his native France before his earthly labors are done. He reached here on the 2 o'clock train this morning, and as he was not expected, there was no conveyance or deputation at the station to meet him. Nothing daunted by the two miles between the depot and Notre Dame, he set out, as in his pioneer days here, and walked the whole distance. There was a general surprise when the doors were opened in response to his knock to see the illustrious Founder of Notre Dame, whose well-known outlines were just visible in the light of the early dawn. The venerable Father Sorin was not a bit fatigued by his long walk, which he could laughingly refer to as a breakfast appetizer. Although unexpected at that early hour, he was none the less warmly welcomed than if he had been formally received, as had been intended. This forenoon at 11½ o'clock all the Faculty and students, and, indeed, all Notre Dame, assembled and gave him a formal welcome, and there was not one who did not return thanks for the safe return of the loved and respected Founder of Notre Dame.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—The first of the series of baseball games for the championship took place last Sunday afternoon. Excellent playing was done on both sides. The game was very close, and was tied on the first half of the ninth inning. M. T. Burns, of the Star of the East, made a splendid two-base hit which allowed Noble to score the winning run. Excellent playing was done by Tracy, Morse, Wheatly and Gallagher. The following is the score:

N. D. U.	R.	O.	STAR OF THE EAST.	R.	O.
Wheatly, p.....	2	2	McGorrisk 1st b...	0	4
Fleming, c.....	0	4	Kuhn, 2d b.....	1	3
Devoto, s. s.....	0	4	Clarke, 1. f.....	2	3
Johnson, 2d b.....	0	3	Gallagher, p.....	1	2
Morse, 1st b.....	0	4	Tracy, 3d b.....	0	4
Steis, 1. f.....	2	2	Arnold, r. f.....	0	3
Dongan, r. f.....	1	2	Fitzgerrell, c. f....	0	4
Healy, 3d b.....	0	4	Noble, s. s.....	2	2
Donahue, c. f.....	1	2	Burns, c.....	1	2
Total.....	6	27	Total.....	7	27

INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Star of the East.....	0	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	1	—7
N. D. U.....	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	2	—6

Time of game, 2½ hours; Umpire, W. S. Bolton; Scorer, A. C. Schiml.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anderson, Arnold, Barron, Bryant, Bell, Bolton, Cullin, Clements, Carroll, Conway, G. Glarke, Connor, W. Cleary, Jas. Delaney, Drury, Eager, F. Ewing, Eaton, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Farrell, Fleming, Fishburne, Garrett, Galonski, Grever, M. Healy, Jones, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Murphy, McErlain, Marlett, McGinnis, Millett, McDevitt, Morse, W. McGorrisk, E. McGorrisk, McEniry, Mason, Nash, Noonan, O'Reilly, O'Connor, J. P. O'Neill,* O'Rourke, Orrick, Otis, Peery, Pierson, Pillars, Ryan, Rettig, Rasche, Saviers, Steiger, B. Schofield, Solon, E. Smith, C. Smith, Steis, Sturla, Tracy, Treon, White, E. Yrisarri, Zettler.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Archer, Browne, Bacon, Barron, Baca, Barnard, Bowers, Campau, Colyar, J. M. Courtney, J. Courtney, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Devine, Dolan, Devoto, Drendel, Danielson, Droste, Deschamps, Echlin, N. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, Fendrick, French, Fisher, Florman, M. Foote, H. Foote, J. Flynn, Gibert, Gilbert, Graham, Gerlach, A. Gall, Guthrie, Hoffman, Hibbeler, Hurley, Howard, Halligan, Jeannot, Johnston, Johnson, Kolars, Katz, Lund, Livingston, Laumann, Lewis, J. McGordon, Metz, J. McGrath, McPhillips, Mahon, Meyer, Orchard, Osborn, Orsinger, Powell, Peery, Pick, Quill, Ryan, Richmond, V. Rivaud, L. Rivaud, Roper, Schaefer, Sells, Tappan, Taylor, Taggart, Williams, C. Warner, Wilbur, C. Zeigler, Zaehle, Kahman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, Beall, Berthelet, Brandom, Chaves, Curran, Coad, Chirhart, P. Campau, C. Campau, Cummings, Devitt, R. Devereux, J. Devereux, Dirksmeyer, Dwenger, W. Devine, A. Devine, Davison, Fehr, Frain, Graham, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Howard, Hynes, Hewitt, Hopkins, Johnson, J. Kelly, A. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, Kellner, Masi, McCawley, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, McGordon, Miller, Metz, Nash, J. Nester, F. Nester, Norfolk, F. Otis, A. Otis, O'Connor, Papin, D. Prindiville, C. Pick, Peters, J. Pick, Piatt, Powell, G. Price, E. Price, W. Prindiville, Quinlin, Roberts, Roper, Rose, Rebori, Stange, Sommer, Schmitz, Studebaker, Thomas, Tong, Vosburgh, Walsh, Welch, Winsor, Whitney, L. Young, C. Young.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Berthelet, Beall, Cummings, P. Campau, Chaves, R. Devereux, J. Devereux, W. Devine, Devitt, Davison, Dwenger, Dirksmeyer, Fehr, F. Garrity, Graham, Hynes, Hewitt, Hopkins, Johnson, J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, E. McGrath, Masi, F. Nester, Norfolk, O'Connor, F. Otis, A. Otis, Piatt, Papin, Powell, J. Pick, D. Prindiville, E. Price, Quinlin, Rose, Rebori, Roberts, Schmitz, Stange, Studebaker, Tong, Welch, Walsh, Winsor, Whitney, L. Young, J. J. McGrath.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—In spite of the cold weather, the grounds, owing to the care of the florists at St. Mary's, present a most attractive appearance.

—The special picnic to St. Joseph's Farm, on the 23d, was pronounced "delightful"! The hospitable reception given to the party is the theme of great admiration.

—On the 28th THE CHIMES rung out its valedictory strain in such a charming style that it seemed to have reserved its very best tones for the occasion. Contents, etc., will be noticed next week.

—Archery is now the popular out-door amusement; the centre of the target, however, remains as yet untouched, though the objects to right and left of it are badly scarred by arrow-tips. The young archers will make their mark somewhere.

—The near approach of the closing exercises creates a most happy enthusiasm, mingled with pathos caused by the reflection that while visions of home-scenes are so near, the pleasant associations of school-life will for many be ended forever.

—The event of the week was the return, on the 26th ult., of Very Rev. Father General, C. S. C., from Europe. At four o'clock, p. m., the pupils of St. Mary's formed in line from the Academy to the north entrance of the Rosary Circle. When the Very Rev. Father stepped from the carriage the *Magnificat* was sung as a thanksgiving for his safe return. He was then invited to a seat on the front portico, where the ladies, residing at the Academy, were awaiting him. Then he listened to welcome addresses from Seniors, Juniors and Minims, which expressed in graceful poetry and humorous prose their delight at his return. Very Rev. Father responded in his usual kind, fatherly manner to their grateful, filial sentiments. At nine o'clock, a. m., on the 27th, he was invited to the Academy to hear a short musical programme, arranged in his honor by the Seniors, and to witness a little play performed by the Minims, entitled the "Minims at St. Mary's," written in imitation of the pleasing and instructive drama entitled the "Minims at Notre Dame." Among the audience was the Rev. Father H. J. McNally, of Savannah, Georgia, who has for some days been the guest of Rev. Father Shortis, C. S. C. The pianists were: Misses L. Fendrick, J. Reilly, J. Barlow, M. Ryan and M. Campbell. The vocalists, Misses M. Reutlinger, J. Reilly, M. Hackett and L. Wallace. All acquitted themselves well. The principal characters in the Minims' play were taken by Misses Otis, Burtis, English, Campau, Sawyer, A. English, M. Dillon, D. Best, M. Campau; each doing admirably. The tableau at the close was exquisitely beautiful. Very Rev. Father, being quite hoarse, requested Father McNally to thank the pupils for the delight afforded him by their performance. The Rev. gentleman complied in a

very concise and encouraging manner, and all felt gratified at their success in pleasing the one whose fostering care develops whatever there is of goodness or talent in the children entrusted to the institutions under his fatherly protection.

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly MS. papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

Laughter and Smiles.

Who does not agree with the saying, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market"? but this saying refers, no doubt, to a genuine, hearty laugh, not the forced laugh of a person with a heart full of bitterness. There are various kinds and qualities of laughter; the best is, of course, very rare, and possessed only by those who combine with a cheerful, genial nature a good heart and refined manners. Again, there is a laugh on an exceedingly high key; this laugh, we are told, is considered by Europeans as the characteristic of American ladies. We hope this is a rash conclusion, drawn from the manners of a few exceptional tourists who were more eager to be heard than to edify; for, while a lady is not expected to have the deep-toned laugh of a man, she certainly should avoid the high tone of the screech-owl, for in public places a modest reserve should be her chief characteristic. Among our classmates we hear many varieties of laughter. Some of them, when their risibility is excited, give us a specimen of the boisterous laughter, others of the explosive laugh. Some have the chuckling laugh, others the effervescing, then again we have the silly giggle and tittering laugh. These may easily be recognized as school-girls' style; but now and again we hear even among school-girls that beautiful, refined laugh, so much admired, which may well be termed musical or silvery. This sort of laugh is never heard out of proper time or place.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, but we should follow this advice with moderation, for to be continually laughing is not only irksome to our companions but makes one appear silly. Some persons have a sort of laughing prelude and refrain to every sentence they utter; this meaningless laughter, like the school-girl giggle, is calculated to make the laughter ridiculous. "Ha! ha! ha, Mrs. Jones! how do you do? he, he he! I'm so sorry you can't stay to dinner! ha! ha! ha!" and so on, through a long "small-talk" conversation. This style of laughter is sometimes the result of embarrassment; the persons so afflicted would do well to be silent till they can think of something to say.

There is a *wicked laugh*, that may be justly compared to the laugh of the hyena; this proceeds from a cruel heart that rejoices at the pain or shame of another. The shadow of this wicked laugh is the sardonic grin of those whose hearts are full of misanthropic bitterness.

How gloomy would social life be if not enlivened

by genial smiles and merry laughter! Smiles are often the rewards that cheer us on the irksome path of duty; for who does not know the worth and eloquence of an approving smile from those we love, esteem and venerate? And do we not also know the underhand mischief that may be done when sanction is given to an improper sentiment or uncharitable remark by an approving smile?

We speak of the stars smiling on our beautiful world, and the flowers seem to laugh with delight when bathing in the balmy April showers; in fact, all creation smiles at times, for laughter and smiles form one division of nature's universal language that requires no interpreter. How gloomy would be our exterior life if not cheered by this evidence of joy! but our exterior only; for however dreary our surroundings, the sunny rays issuing from an innocent, happy heart will gleam through the densest clouds of life in that form of silent laughter which we call sweet smiles.

L. F.

Geological Grievances.

In pursuing that great science which the technists call Geology,
The student "groans in spirit" when she hears the terminology,
Not only of the Fauna "of the Flora" and of stones,
But likewise Ornithology, Conchology and bones.

When she views these horrid "posers" she resolves to make a chart,

And thereupon selects a room quiet and apart
From schoolmates and distractions of recreation hum,
And even from intrusion of her most devoted chum.

Under vertebrates she writes down mammals, reptiles, fishes,

That the whole tribe ne'er existed, she vociferously wishes;
Her pate she now manipulates, and o'er each page doth pore,

With the sad but firm conviction—Geology's a bore!

Articulates are next in rank, and number classes three,
One o'er *terra firma* sweeps, while two sport in the sea;
Insecteans, worms, crustaceans, are their simple names;
Botheration, now! another blot, to pay me for my pains.

Well, here goes for another start at this conglomeration
Of insects, spiders, myriapods, and dec—oh, botheration!
Take this ten-footed creature back to antediluvian sod,
With its fourteen-footed brother, the Tetradecapod.

Do not pronounce those horrid names until you've lubricated

Your jaws with oil, or else, perhaps, you'll find them dislocated.

We've yet the flower-like Barnacle, Ostracoid and Cirriped,
Entomostracans and Trilobites, which at Adam's birth were dead.

And here are Mollusks, also, named worse than any yet,
With their Cephalopods, their Acephals and small-eyed Cephalate,
Their Brachiopods, their Brachiates, and moss-like Bryozoan,

Odd things enough, which oft we find embedded in limestone.

Two more classes to be treated, and here I'm sick and tired;
If it were not for bad notes, I think I'd truly feel inspired
To throw the thing to "Jericho," and try to change the scene

By showing all my classmates that geologists are green.

Just listen to their talk about these ancient curiosities.

Creatures eighty feet in length (what ludicrous monstrosities!)

And of Dinosaurs and Xiphodons (they're both now out of date),

Upon such lifeless carcasses great men expatiate.

Now if they'd only stop here, and give their minds a rest,
And not make flying reptiles the object of their quest,
And tell us that the birds had teeth, and snakes were wont to walk,

We might yet be induced to bear all this bewildering talk.

They first begin with fish tales, then tell stories of the bird,
And then of four-toed horses, and things much more absurd,

And they authorize their folly and put things into shape
By quoting Darwin's pamphlets on the great ancestral ape.

Of radiates and protozoans some other day I'll treat,
If I do not in the mean time conclude it's all a cheat,
For if old *exploded theories* are going to rack my brain,
I'll simply write my epitaph, and take the first home train.

S. T. W.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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Good feeling is the basis of good manners, and the cement which holds society together. Without it, politeness is a grimace.